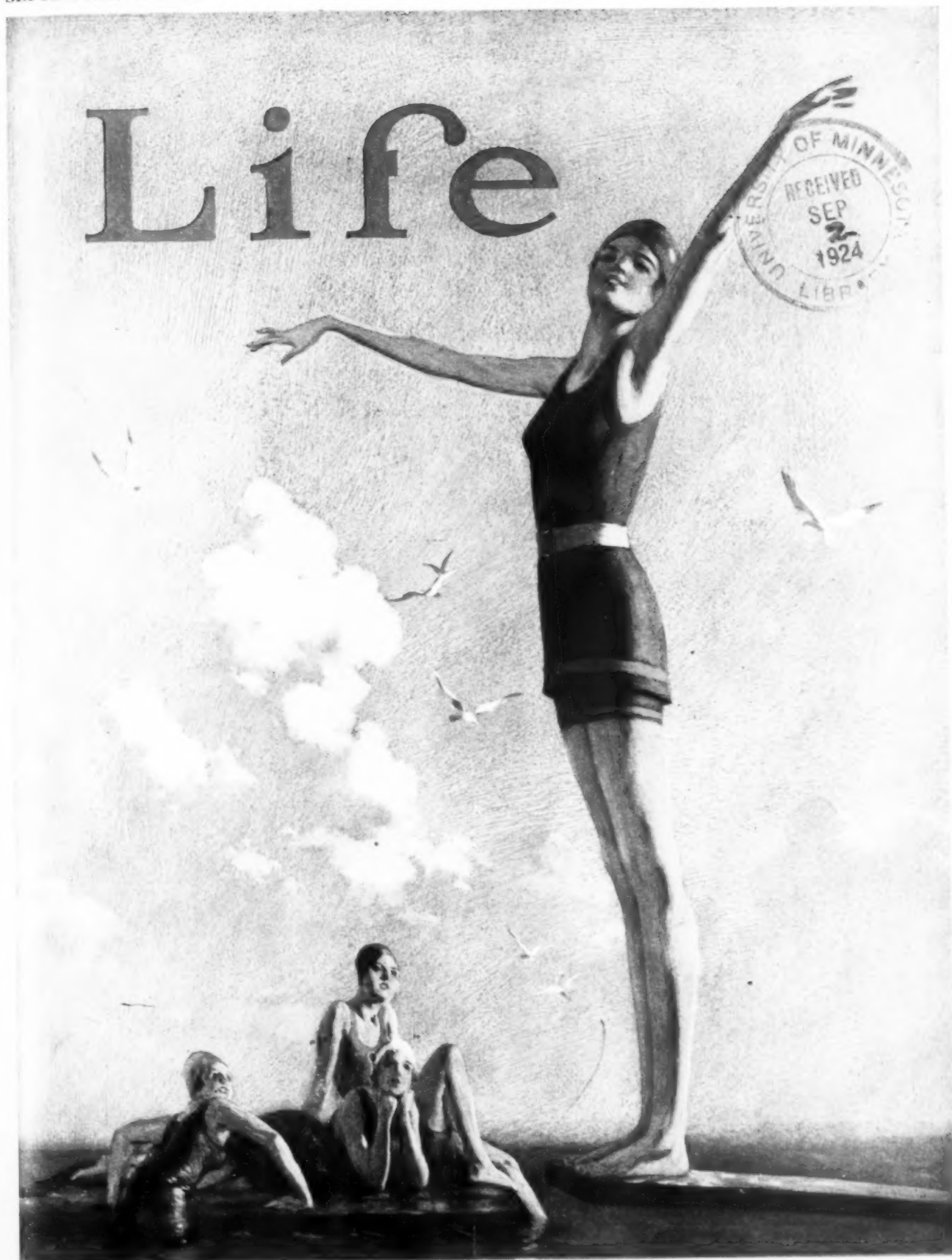


SEPTEMBER 4, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS



*The Last Pose of Summer*

There has been the same sort of progress in designing heating plants as in designing electric lamps.



From a painting by GUILLERMO C. BOLIN for ARCO © 1924



The Modern MAZDA Lamp gives much more light than the old carbon lamp and uses no more current.

What the MAZDA Lamp is to light, the IDEAL TYPE A boiler is to warmth.



## You took out your old light bulbs— take out your old boiler!

**Y**OU couldn't afford to keep the old carbon-filament bulbs after MAZDA lamps were introduced; they used too much current for the light they gave.

How about your old-fashioned heater—hasn't the time come to take it out, too? *It burns up almost as much money every winter as you paid for it when it was new.*

Here are three big money-saving facts worth remembering:

1. The Institute of Thermal Research of the American Radiator Company has

produced a boiler which is to heat what the MAZDA Lamp is to light. It gives much more and better warmth, with a greater saving in coal.

2. The IDEAL TYPE A will pay for itself out of coal savings in from three to five

years. This means you can take out your old-fashioned heater, have ideal warmth, and get your money back.

3. So clean and handsome is the IDEAL TYPE A, that it has caused thousands of cellars to be cleaned up and dressed up—giving the home another usable floor.

For every heating need—from a little radiator valve to a great sectional boiler—this Company has a quality product specially designed. Your heating contractor is our distributor; put your problem up to him.

### Send for this money-saving book

On a postal card write your name and address, giving the number of rooms in your house, and mail it to the office below. A book will be sent, describing the IDEAL Boiler which will increase comfort and save money in a house like yours.

**IDEAL BOILERS**  
COAL • OIL • GAS  
and **AMERICAN RADIATORS**  
*save fuel*

Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor  
**AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY**

Dept. 186 1803 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.  
Branches in all principal cities



# Travelers told of a wonderful tobacco

—now we have brought it to you

TRAVELERS have come back from England and the English colonies telling of a wonderful tobacco—the finest in their experience, and remarking that “no wonder Englishmen are such enthusiastic pipe smokers with such tobacco to smoke!”

They spoke of Hudson's Bay Tobacco, that fine old blend we have brought to America to fill the pipe of every man who wants to know how much finer a smoke can be than any he's known before.

Aged for four

years . . . longer than any tobacco we know of. Older, smoother, finer! You never tire of its taste. Men have tried Hudson's Bay Tobacco and have happily announced that they'd reached the end of the trail in their smoke-search.

If you want new pleasure out of the old pipe, just step into your nearest tobacconist's and ask for Hudson's Bay—Imperial Mixture if you like yours rich and mellow—cut plug if you like it sweet and mild. In tins and pocket packages. If your dealer can't supply you just drop us a line—and send no money. Generous trial package 40c. Pay the postman when he delivers it.



# HUDSON'S BAY

## Tobacco

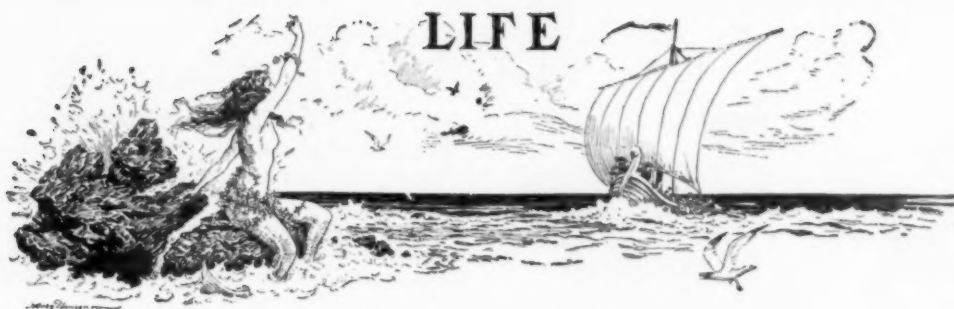


## WHAT YOU'LL FIND THIS FALL IN A HART SCHAFFNER & MARX SUIT

The shoulders will give you the look of a man who can pull an oar; the coat hangs as easily and free as a velour drape—just a trifle snug at the hips; the vest will suggest the waist line of a commuter who can still run for his train; the trousers will hug snug at the belt and swing straight and free to the full cuff

*You'll find our label in these clothes; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find*





## Little Moments with Great Families

### At the White House

DAWES: Well, Cal, looks as if we were going to put it over on those ——— Democrats this November, the way they kicked over the ——— traces, don't it?

COOLIDGE: Yes.

DAWES: And then there's La Follette, or La Follette, whichever way he pronounces his ——— name. Thinks he's pretty cute, I suppose, stepping out and trying to steal the ——— election from under our ——— feet. But we'll show the ———. Say, Cal, got a match?

COOLIDGE: No.

DAWES: Well, the way I size up the political situation is this: ———. That the way you feel about it, Cal?

COOLIDGE: Mmmm.

DAWES: Still, it's a ——— nuisance always being in the public eye and having these ——— roto-gravure photographers always following a man around. Why, ——— it, look at me. Twenty-four hours a day I have to wear this ——— breakneck collar and keep this ——— pipe in the side of my face till it seems as if my ——— jaw would bust. Cal, you don't know how ——— lucky you are not having these ——— stage props to live up to. However, I suppose it's my ——— duty to the public. Well, Cal, I'll have to be drifting. Have to make a ——— expurgated speech over the radio. So long.

COOLIDGE: 'By.

*Tip Bliss.*

### Easy Come—

A LITTLE newsboy was standing in a doorway crying bitterly, when a benevolent old gentleman asked: "What's the matter, my boy? Lose something?"

"Yes," between sobs. "Lost a quarter."

"Well, here's a quarter. How did you come to lose it?"

"Betting on the Giants."

MOTHER: Was it a formal dinner? "IT'S A SHAME, MRS. FINKEY! A SHAME! HIM PUTTIN' EVERYTHING ON HIS OWN BACK 'N' YOU IN RAGS."

## Squaring the Circle

THE immortal Socrates was noted for his quiet humor. It was his nightly custom to forgather with a circle of philosophers and geometers about a convivial bowl, drawing inspiration from the vintage of Bacchus. Following the end of the tenth round he would rise—for it is written that he always could rise—and address the symposium.

"I move," he would say, "that this circle go home and square itself."

And so seriously did the multitude take him that the squaring of the circle grew to be considered impossible; yea, even unto this day. R. E. D.

## Routine

SAMARITAN (after the smash-up): Now, sir, where would you like me to take you?

CONFIRMED GRADE-CROSSER: To the Jones Emergency Hospital, please. They give me fifty-trip rates.





THE OUTLAW

*The Cop:* HEY! WHATCHA GOT IN THAT PACKAGE?  
*The Suspect:* TH-THAT'S MY HOME-WORK.

### To the Mah Jonger Set

AN honor goes upon the rack,  
 A reputation on the pan;  
 Your playing is with steady clack,  
 Which somehow irks a simple man.

Whatever seasons wax and wane,  
 Whatever flowers are in bloom,  
 Their perfumes give this bird a pain,  
 Within an overperfumed room.

When once a spade was called a knave,  
 I knew a queen was called a heart;  
 Now characters I try to save  
 While you tear characters apart.

I do not like your game at all,  
 For sadly doth this fact appear:  
 The dragons hidden in the wall  
 Are not the only dragons near.

James K. McGuinness.

### Overheard at the Moron Club

"WELL, what did you expect? Why shouldn't there be a slump in the stock market, with these bolsheviks in Congress upsetting business, and shaking the very foundations of national prosperity? What chance is there for boosting up stocks so's we can unload them on the honest investor, as long as a lot of jay legislators are going around criticizing the Administration, and looking into the way the public's business is being run? We won't have a real old-fashioned boom in the Street until we jail all these fellows that are trying to make the people discontented with the United States Government."

W. G.

### September Stratagems

TO continue to wonder if one's daughter has reached the limit of her mental capacity or to send her to college and find out.

To accept the inevitable from the coal kings immediately or later.

To buy a closed car or to try to get away with the fresh air fiction another winter.

To regret the waste of the grape harvest or to purchase an empty barrel and participate in it.

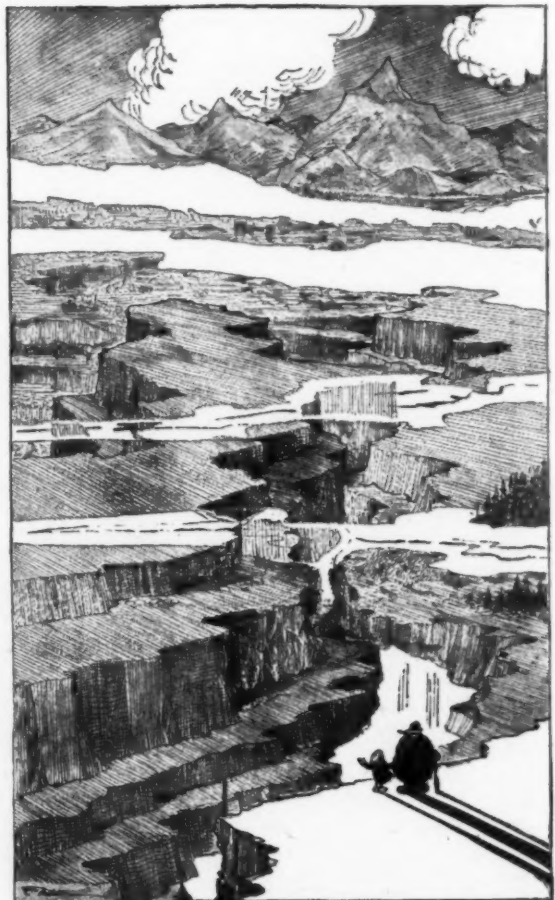
McC. H.

### Disqualified

TEACHER (*desiring to impress the vanity of earthly ambition*): Yes, children, Alexander the Great was a hero and conquered the whole wide world. But he had one big fault. What was it?

BUDDING KLEAGLE: Please, ma'am,—he wasn't a Nordic!

USUALLY, after the first half-hour of a campaign speech, the crowd stretches as far as the eye can see.



*Engineer's Son:* HEY, POP, HOW LONG DID IT TAKE 'EM TO DIG THIS ONE?



"TAKE ONE LOOK AT THAT TAIL, MURIEL MURPHY, AN' THEN TELL ME YOU AIN'T SORRY YOU GOT YOUR HAIR BOBBED!"

## Uplifting the White Indians

SEVERAL samples of the "White Indian" have recently been imported for our edification. And as it seems no more than fair that they should be permitted a comprehensive return look at us—at the glories of real hundred-per-cent. civilization—the following program is suggested for their entertainment:

Welcoming shot of wood alcohol, followed by short trip up Avenue A; amusement to be limited—if possible—to three gang murders.

Ku Klux demonstration for the Honor of a Free America and the Nordic Race; consisting of the meritorious flogging of a Negro who has seditiously beaten a Klansman out of a bootlegging contract.

Grand parade of flappers, cake-eaters, finale-hoppers, dancing-men and co-respondents—in short, a representative selection of high society; said selection being left to the rotogravure-section editors.

Matinee at the Winter Garden, to prove conclusively that the Arts—with the exception of the million-franc pair of the star—flourish nowhere so effectively as in America.

Mail-truck robbery and running fight with the Law—in which the latter,

however, is not overtaken. (Note.—At this point, to make our visitors feel perfectly at home, one of them should—in his rôle of innocent bystander—be shot.)

Impassioned Republican speeches to prove the Republican Party alone capable of upholding the People. Impassioned Democratic speeches to prove the Democratic Party alone capable of upholding the People. Final dual

demonstration in which the people are held up to the satisfaction of both parties.

Parting salvo of pre-war stuff, followed almost immediately by burial with military honors.

Gardner Rea.

## Why Doctors Die Young

IT is two o'clock in the morning. Dr. Blank has just returned from a case which he has been working on since seven. Just as he gets into a sound sleep, the telephone rings. He wakes with a start, rubs his eyes and mechanically leans over and takes the phone.

"Is this Dr. Blank?"

"Yes."

"Doctor, could you tell me a word of eight letters, the third letter of which is 'I' and the fifth 'd', the word meaning a disease prevalent among the house mice of Zanzibar?"

B. B.

## Lynx, of Course

ELLA: It's quite cold on the golf course to-day, Nella.

NELLA: Then I'd better wear my plus-furs.



The Victim: GOOD LORD, MAN! WHAT'LL I TELL MY WIFE? I'VE PULLED THIS HOLD-UP GAG ON HER TOO OFTEN.

## The Tomlinsons

### A Stirring Tale of the Arabian Desert

(The \$800,000 Prize Novel)

#### CHAPTER EIGHTY-FIVE

WHEN Desmond awoke he felt strangely refreshed. The events of the preceding night seemed curiously remote, now that he was elected Mayor of Asbury Park and all that sort of thing. He pushed the button alongside his bed; a faint tinkle reverberated through the corridor. Jevons appeared silently in the doorway.

"Has Mr. Munsey been here?" Desmond asked.

"Not yet, sir."

"You lie, you—dastard!" exclaimed Desmond languidly. He drew a small pearl-handled revolver from beneath his pillow and fired at his valet. Jevons dropped dead upon the soft Persian rug.

"Well," he murmured reflectively, "I was going to discharge him anyway. He was always making faces at me."

An hour later Desmond was at the club. It was a Thursday afternoon and the crocuses and the Delphinium were already making the Sussex countryside a glorious riot of color. Tall daffodils waved gayly in the breeze, and here and there patches of Yarrow and milkweed could be seen, peeping shyly through the thick lush grass. But Desmond, from his club window on Second Avenue, could see none of this.

A tall, gray-haired man came in and sat down in the hammock next to Desmond's. He was about sixty years of age and had the manner of a man whose cousins were named Thurston. This manner, which had perhaps at one time been assumed, had now become so much a part of him that,

#### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

BURTON K. SCHERMERHORN, the inventor of Pyloxygen, the new method of putting pins in laundered shirts, is found murdered at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Detectives from headquarters arrest Nicholas Murray Butler, Douglas Fairbanks, Baby Peggy, Addison Sims of Seattle and President Coolidge and hang them on suspicion. Meyer Maltravers, a retired hermit, meets Fanny Schermerhorn, the dead man's adopted daughter, as she is boarding a steamer for Boston. He jumps overboard and is drowned. Myrtle enlists as an ambulance chaser, and after a number of desperate battles manages to take a taxicab to Brussels, when she is told that it is impossible to take a drink. Heywood Brown thereupon confesses that he committed the murder. A summons is sent out for the Beth Israel Chapter of the Ku Klux Klan to gather at Port Jervis. Mayor Hylan is at his wit's end.

as he leered at Desmond through the pearl-handled opera glasses that he drew from his pocket, Desmond could not help wondering whether the man was not, after all, a Democrat.

"You knew my boy at Harvard," he said abruptly.

"Who was your boy?" asked Desmond.

"None of your darned business," said the man. "I have reason to believe that the National Bank will be blown up at three o'clock. It is now four minutes to three."

Desmond thought a minute.

"Perhaps you're right," he said.

#### CHAPTER EIGHTY-EIGHT

It is now necessary for us to go back forty years. In the shadow of the White Mountains lies the little village of Lancaster. But in the year 1884 it was situated in Tennessee and was called Memphis. Thus does time heal all wounds.

On a bright sunny day in April, 1884, a traveling salesman dismounted from the train and hailed a waiting taxicab. He was leading a tame kangaroo upon a leash, which caused some of the observers to remark that "perhaps he wasn't all that he might be."

Several hours later four red-haired women emerged from the telephone booth in the Mercantile House, and dashed rapidly up Main Street.

The Mercantile House had at one time been the home of Ezra Pottle, the Revolutionary General, thrice Governor of Kentucky. In its day



"YOU LIE, YOU—DASTARD!" EXCLAIMED DESMOND LANGUIDLY.





*Prue: SHE SMOKES LIKE A VETERAN.  
Sue: OF WHICH WAR?*

it had been one of the most notable mansions in the South; but time had not dealt kindly with it, and after the death of Colonel Pottle at Antietam his heirs all moved to Brooklyn, and the historic old landmark was allowed to go to seed. After being successively a public library, a second-hand clothing store, a railroad terminal and a Baptist Church, it was sold finally to Mr. Isaac Ritz, the proprietor of the famous Ritz-Carlton Hotels, who altered the old building into the Mercantile Hotel, Business Men's Lunch, seventy-five cents.

This, then, was the situation when Desmond arrived on the scene. Many strange experiences had come to him, but none stranger nor yet, withal, more poignantly beautiful than the adventure upon which he was about to embark.

Old Isaac Ritz, genial and ruddy-faced, stood behind the mahogany bar, busily polishing glasses. "It's nearly nine o'clock," he chuckled genially. "I wonder where all those bums can be."

(To Be Concluded)

Newman Levy.

### Father Goose

THERE was a man in our town  
And he had lots of brains.  
He bought a fire extinguisher  
And put on tire chains.  
And when he had his car equipped,  
With all his might and main,  
He went and drove it smack into  
A rushing railroad train.

R. S.

### Foresight

REVENUE OFFICER (in mountain district, approaching little boy near a spring): Son, could you show me to that still down there?

LITTLE BOY: Yes, sir.

R. O.: How much will you charge me?

L. B.: Quarter.

R. O.: All right, go ahead.

(Little boy stands still, rubbing foot among rocks.)

R. O.: Well, why don't you go ahead?

L. B.: I'm waitin' fer my pay.

R. O. (impatiently): Go on, son, I'll pay you when we get back.

L. B. (unmoved): No, sir, you'll have to give me the quarter first.

R. O.: Kid, I'm not going to cheat you. Why can't you wait till we get back?

L. B.: 'Cause you ain't comin' back.

### For Art's Sake

IT was lovely, approaching the divine. A million stars blinked in the heavens. The full moon scattered tiny flakes of silver on the wavelets which danced and sang at our feet. Away off to our right the red beacon of the Round Island light shot its message of guidance, good cheer, and security out across the endless sea. To the left, and hugging the horizon, a four-masted schooner loomed phantomlike against the blue-black of night. It was all so restful, serene and comforting that I was quite overcome with emotion.

"What a night for lovers!" I confided to my friend.

"Yes," he said, "and I got it, frame and all, with forty-five soap wrappers."

F. A. K.

MANY a man thinks it's his chest measurement people respect when it's only his intellect.

## A Rural Tragedy

THE old farmer came in from the sitting-room and looked solemnly at his wife, his face, ashen with sorrow.

"I'm afraid, Henrietta," he said slowly, with the look of a man who would have spared his wife if he could, "that it is more serious than we thought at first."

"Zeke!" she exclaimed, grasping his arm with a force that made him wince. "You're keeping the truth from me. Tell me—not dead?" She could scarcely bring herself to voice the word.

"Absolutely—not a spark—"

"Oh, Zeke," sobbed his wife, "think of those long winter evenings you and I and little Mary used to enjoy together. And now—no more listening happily to those lovely selections by the Rolled Wheat Orchestra, or the Hold-Fast Glue Company's entertaining xylophone solos. And how eagerly little Mary used to look forward to the stories of Little Peter Rabbit and



Pup: WHY DO YOU KEEP LOOKING BACK?

Kit: I WANT TO SEE IF MY TAIL IS WAGGING; THAT'S HOW I KNOW WHEN I'M MAD.

Johnny Skunk." A sob burst from her as she added bitterly, "I think it was the Babbitt Shoe Co. put out those bedtime stories."

Ezekiel nodded. "Yes—the Babbitt Shoe Co."

"And there was nothing you could have done?"

"Not a thing."

Silence fell all over everything. Even the little bird in the cuckoo clock, sur-

prised at the discovery that it was eight, looked sympathetically at the sorrowing old couple and went back into retirement without saying a word.

Suddenly little Mary skipped joyously in from the other room.

"Grampaw," she shouted eagerly, "there wasn't anything the matter with that old radio. She just wasn't connected to the aerial—that's all. I've got KDKA on her now."

Tracy Hammond Lewis.

## Reference

THAT tall, dark, good-looking ex-husband of yours has asked me to be his wife, and I thought I'd ask you first whether you could recommend him."

"Let me make a note of it, dearie, and I'll look him up in my diary and let you know."

DEFINITION of an efficiency expert —a man hired by an executive who is too tender-hearted to fire his own old employees.



"HARRIETT, I TELL YOU I WAS *not* DRIVING RECKLESSLY—BUT JUST FOR THE MOMENT I COULDN'T SEEM TO CO-ORDINATE MY MOVEMENTS."

DOG DOGGEREL



prehistoric drawing of a prehistoric dog.

For conspicuous prefixes here's one anmle that mixes



dog hitting on all four.

with the record-holders in that sort of thing.



"cluck, cluck!"

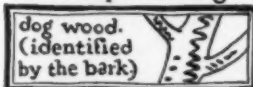
a setter setting.

He has titles tied before, and behind him several more.



pampas poodle.

Here's a few' selections from his ample string:



dog wood. (identified by the bark)

Well, there's Pug- and Lap- and Bird- Hang- and Coon- and Bull- I've heard;



the dog star. (this is getting sirius.)

Chow-, Police- and Water-, Shepherd-, Watch and Prairie.

Now we'll suffix -Watch and -Star, just to show how smart we are;



dog watch

-Fish and -Wood and -Gone and also -Tired, very!



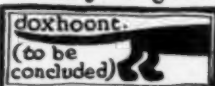
dog- ma

Dogs are easy things to please. They're inhabited by fleas



dog-tooth violet.

and they perspire from off their twitchy tongues.



doxhoont. (to be concluded)

Their frigidity of nose and calorics in their toes



a dog-eared book

show they're sound and well in gizzard, gall and lungs.



Eliza, the bloodhound, crossing the eyes.

Dogs love citizens; and brats; gnawing bones; and chasing cats;



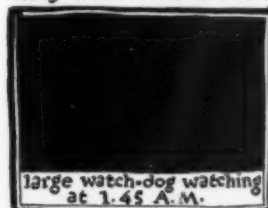
Filipino dog-meat merchant exercising his stock.

and they dearly dote on yowling at the moon.



order of Filipino pup cutlets.

I should judge they're curious fellers, from the way they work their smellers;



large watch-dog watching at 1.45 A.M.

they're investigating smells from noon to noon.



entrance to a prairie dog's address.

Pedigrees, by elongation, fix the Canine social station



a reverse-gear spaniel. (rather rare.)

from which blue-blood Fido looks down on the mut;

but he doesn't class with Towser as an all 'round joy 'rouser—



"como 'sta?"

mex. hairless

Towser's family's off his mind, the care-free nut!



dog just after chasing away an eleven car passenger train.

When our pie-faced spaniel, Toby, first arrived from far-off Kobe



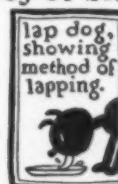
dog daze.

his young neck was nicked where he'd been chased by chains.



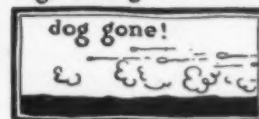
doxhoont. (concluded)

We'd imported him for rats— but he chased away us brats!

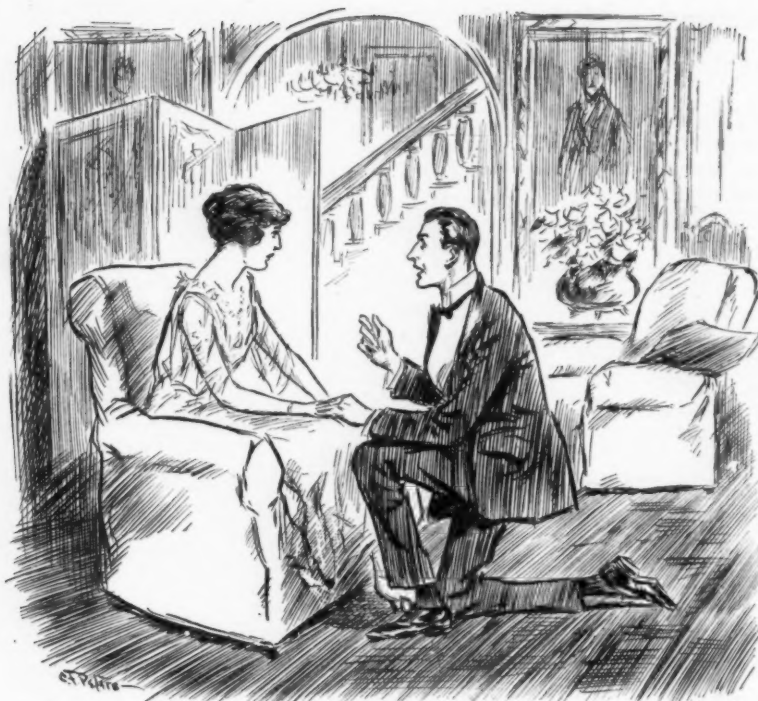


lap dog, showing method of lapping.

"Yet", says Pa, "some people say dogs aint got brains!"



# · LIFE ·



"YES, JACK, I'LL MARRY YOU, IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO GIVE UP YOUR EXTRAVAGANT WAYS."

"I PROMISE, DARLING. IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME A MINUTE I'LL RUN OUT NOW AND DISCHARGE MY TAXI."

## Nice People

*Whom It's Unlucky to Take to a Baseball Game*

THE girl who watches the scoreboard so faithfully that she has to have each play explained after the applause dies out.

The man who once saw a game of cricket and tries interminably to tell you just how it differs from baseball.

The girl who tries to show an intelligent interest in the game by asking questions that you can't answer.

The man who expects a dime's worth of ice cream for a dime, and who grumbles about it.

The girl who puts her hands over her ears and shudders whenever the ball is knocked within two hundred feet of her.

The young realist, aged seven, who expects the Giants to be Giants, and the Athletics to be athletes, and who asks and asks why they aren't.

The Old Timer who tries to recall and recite "Casey at the Bat," to the amusement of all your neighbors.

The younger brother of the best girl

in the world, who consumes incredible quantities of ice cream, pop, and peanuts during the first eight innings, and then has to be hurriedly removed in the middle of an exciting ninth-inning rally.

W. L. Werner.

IF Horace could have seen the modern dances his ode would probably have read: *Virginibus puer risqué.*



A MAN REMOVES A CINDER FROM HIS FRIEND'S EYE ON A NEW YORK STREET

## Song

OH, come, my love, to yonder dale  
Beyond the sign, "Hot Dogs for Sale."

To where the hamlet spires appear  
Above the notice, "Tonics Here."

We'll climb the purple mountain top  
And view the glorious—"Hot Dogs Stop."

And through the murmuring pines we'll steer  
Th' enchanted path to "Cold Root Beer."

And skirt that pretty azure lake  
Close by the sign, "Hot Dogs and Cake."

And rest before the farmhouse old  
With that inscription, "Drinks Ice Cold."

Or we can, just as well as not,  
Drive on to quaint old "Hot Dogs Hot."

Or to that crystal mountain stream  
Where rustic maidens sell ice cream.

\*\*\*

Oh, come, my love, and ride with me,  
And I will buy Hot Dogs for Thee;  
For we will leave the city drear  
And drink in Nature and root beer.

Frederick Orin Bartlett.

## No Luck at All

HOWARD: There was nothing to drink but cider.

JAY: Hard luck!

HOWARD: No, not even hard.

A THING of beauty is an expense forever.





TEARS AND BLEEDING HEARTS  
SIMPLY DON'T REGISTER.

## Loud Speakers

### Sounder Pleads for Radio-Disabled Orators

WASHINGTON,

August 30.—The newspapers of the United States have commented lightly on the fact that in the present campaign the use of the radio will do away with the political speech as we have come to know it. With a heartlessness bred, I suppose, from long subservience to Wall Street and the predatory interests, the pa-

pers entirely pass over the fact that this revolution in public speaking will in one breath sweep away the lifetime efforts of many of our ablest political orators, and may even cast its shadow of hard times upon the nation as a whole.

#### Even the champion

orators—men who, by their excellent wind and endurance, have been able to set new long-distance records in public-speaking—will not be able to adapt themselves to the new conditions. You can't expect a two-miler to turn sprinter overnight. Just as new inventions in machinery invariably bring suffering to some of the working class, so the spread of the radio into campaign oratory spells hardship and want for the public-speaking trades.

There will be exceptions, of course. The two Republican and Democratic candidates, for example, should be able to speak just as well over the radio as in a hall. For, more important than having radio voices, they seem to have radio minds—they are willing to present their facts and call it a day, giving the listeners plenty of time to tune in on Dr. Elmhuttle's daily health talk, "Care of the Teeth."

#### But the real orator,

the backbone of the profession, who can talk for two hours without saying anything—he is the man who will bear the brunt of the radio invasion.

I think, for instance, of a speaker of national prominence, whose name, were I to mention it, you could not fail to recognize. By sheer industry and perseverance this man has made himself one of the greatest living authorities on the American flag. He has acquired the most extensive collection of synonyms for our noble banner that



A REFERENCE TO THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE  
IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN VOTES.

a political orator has ever possessed. His famous "Oh, My Stars! Oh, My Stripes!" speech dealt the death-blow to the free-silver arguments back in 1896, and even lately any reference by him to the red, white and blue has been worth its weight in votes. Yet over the radio they would think he was telling a bedtime story.

#### Another successful speaker,

who can assume at a moment's notice an expression of deepest emotional stress, has found to his real sorrow that if you try glistening tears and bleeding hearts on the radio, the fireside audience just mutters "applesauce" and sees if it can get Denver to-night. Even so notable a speaker as Senator Lodge, whose scholarly quotations and interpretations of the classics form quite the most enlivening part of his political addresses, would find himself hampered by the radio. He might, of course, break his speeches up, giving the political part at one time, and his quotations from English poetry as a number of the regular evening's entertainment program. And if the latter went well, he could drop the political part altogether.

These few little incidents will, I believe, indicate how widespread unemployment is likely to be in political-speaking circles this fall. Since any large group of idle men adrift upon the nation is always a menace to stability, I feel that measures cannot be taken too soon, not only to relieve the more immediate wants of these men and their families, but also to provide means of absorbing them into useful occupations.

#### The Sounder Relief Bureau

for Disabled Orators, which I have just formed, will prepare a card catalogue listing opportunities in various trades and industries in which a good strong voice is the chief requirement. Employers who let me know of any such vacancies will be helping in a serious national emergency. Likewise, I shall be glad to receive contributions, to be distributed among the sufferers as need arises. Although I feel that my own message to the people of America is vital enough to hold an audience even by radio, I think it only fair that I should reserve the right to use the funds to relieve any personal financial embarrassment that the new era in public speaking may bring upon me.

Sounder.



AS A NUMBER OF THE  
REGULAR EVENING'S EN-  
TERTAINMENT PROGRAM.



MAZIE, THE STENOGRAPHER, RETURNS FROM THE SEASHORE AND DIVES RIGHT INTO HER WORK

## The Wandering Joke



OW it came to pass in the days when the tribes of the Begats covered the earth, that a young lad, Methuselah, being but four-score years of age, climbed up one of the masts of the Ark, which he visited after the Flood.

And Noah, seeing this, said to the father of Methuselah, "Behold, thy son is in great danger; if he lets go of the mast, he will descend and suffer a grievous blow on the head."

"Yea, verily," said the father of Methuselah, "but he will not let go." And the people of the Begats knew it for a good joke...then.

### II.

And after seven and twenty centuries had passed, Xenophon with ten thousand Greeks set out upon the Anabasis. And for three and thirty parasangs they marched and found nothing but the tracks of camels. And then Cyrus, the young son of a hoplite, climbed a tall tree to view the country.

And Xenophon, seeing him, cried out to the hoplite, "By Zeus, take care of your son! If he lets go, he will fall, thus breaking his head."

"Yes," said the hoplite, "but he will not let go." And after the troops had marched eleven days' journey, two and ninety parasangs, all the hoplites and strategists and gymnasts cried, "I see! I see!" They saw the joke...then.

### III.

Now it befell after divers centuries that a prince hight Beowulf did grapple with the mother of a monster hight Grendel. And after the two did thrash about at the bottom of the sea for a

week or eight days, the earls and thanes left the Round Table and came to see the leavings of battle. Beowulf, the parfait knight, still had Grendel's mother by the arm.

"An he lets go," quoth Sir Sennashawl, "he will be hewn into an hundred pieces."

"Yea, sirrah," quoth King Arthur, "but he will not let go." Whereupon he smote his thigh and roared heartily. So all the nobles joined in the laughter, seeing that it was a kingly jest. That was a gude joke...even then.

### IV.

Ages passed, and the super-journalist, Brek Halm, was pounding out the

Autobiography of Battling Joe Smits, the champion heavyweight.

"At the tender age of seven," wrote the autobiographer with sudden inspiration, "I was taken to see a battleship, such as I later helped to manufacture during the recent great struggle. I was foolhardy even then, and I climbed out to the end of a yardarm before any one noticed. The crew cried out on seeing my danger."

"Mr. Smits," said the captain, 'if your son lets go, he will break his thick skull.'

"Yes," said my father sorrowfully, 'but he will not let go.'

And when Battling Joe read that anecdote in his autobiography, he chuckled and saw that it was a good one...even to-day.

### V.

Moral for future lives of great men: It isn't copyrighted, and it's going to be a good joke just as long as the boy doesn't fall and the reader does.

W. L. Werner.

## Talked to Death

NECESSITY and Opportunity met on the street. "Hello, Opportunity," said Necessity, "you look all in."

"I am all in," replied Opportunity. "For months I've been knocking at the doors of offices, and all I ever hear is that the occupant is in conference."



"HOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG AT SCHOOL, JIMMIE?"  
"FINE. WE'RE LEARNING WORDS OF FOUR CYLINDERS NOW!"

## Ballade of a Puritan Complex

THE beauty of Lilith is rare  
(As men to their misery know!);  
There's a lure in the wave of her hair.  
There's a trap in the turn of her toe.  
In her smile lurks destruction. There's woe  
(I've heard) in the tilt of her tam.  
In her glances lies ruin—and oh!  
I wish I were worse than I am!

There was a young lady named Claire,  
There was a young lady named Flo.  
I wondered how much I might dare....  
I wondered how far they would go....  
I bought them a sundae or so,  
Then one of them called me a clam,  
Then both ran away with a show....  
I wish I were worse than I am.

I want to be devil-may-care!  
I don't want to be pure as the snow!  
I'm crazy to have an "affair"  
And gulp down three drinks in a row.  
I want to play "Wham! Little Joe!"  
And "poker"; and learn to say "Damn!"  
Being good is so terribly slow!  
I wish I were worse than I am!

### L'Envoi

I call it you, Conscience, although  
It's the fear I'd be caught in a jam!  
What's that line about "σῶς ἀγάρ"?  
I wish I were worse than I am!

Baron Ireland.

## Reserving a Shave in Jonesville

"I'd like to get shaved, but I'm going to be here only two days," said the gray-haired traveling salesman to the head barber in the Hotel New Trianon, Jonesville. "I expected to squeeze into a chair in Fort Wayne yesterday as I've known a boss barber there for twenty years; but the shop was taking care of the department store trade and couldn't give me an appointment. They said they'd write me if I'd leave my address."

"Before the girls took over the barber shops a traveling man always knew one place to look for a friendly welcome. If this keeps up a fellow will have to wire ahead for a haircut, the same as for a room. If I didn't have a drag with the people in the Pantlind in Grand Rapids, on account of being an old customer, I'd probably arrive in Lansing at the end of the week looking like Jack Dempsey does when he keeps a professional appointment."

McCready Huston.

## Time and a Half

APPRECIATIVE PLUMBER (to daughter): That young man o' your'n 'll get along, Janie, my girl! He's just sent me a bill f'r th' overtime he spent a-courtin' you last night.



Tourist (in the Ozarks): ARE THE MOUNTAINS OF ARKANSAS VOLCANIC?

Moonshiner: DUNNO, STRANGER, BUT IT'S A DEAD CERTAINTY TH' MOUNTAINEERS ARE.

## Man Moves in a Mysterious Way

THE real purpose of Mobilization Day is to prepare for peace. Soon we may expect to read news items like these:

"Medium Bill" Jones is spending his days at the chess board, preparing for the Davis Cup matches in tennis.

Miss Kitty Smith has gone to the mountains to enjoy the surf bathing.

Sam Sliver is attending medical school in order to learn undertaking. "Preparation in medicine," says Sam, "will make undertakers unnecessary." W. L. W.



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VOL. 84. 2183

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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ON August 14 Mr. Coolidge was notified that he was the Republican candidate for President, and responded with fitting remarks. Captious Democratic critics picked holes in his deliverance, but the Republicans seemed to like it. In the opinion of the *Boston Herald*, which seems to be favorable to him this year, it was "a fine speech and a speech that no one but Calvin Coolidge could have written."

"It is firm, clear and inspiring. Not by a single sentence does it dim the dignity of a President who is now also a candidate. It is a better speech and more constructive in its thought than that delivered a few days ago by Mr. Davis. Further, it is a stronger speech, considered as a piece of writing. Mr. Davis made a pretty speech—Mr. Coolidge a virile one."

Such was the beautiful blurb that the *Herald* folded around Mr. Coolidge's neat cover.

But, after all, how much difference does it make what Mr. Coolidge says? When Mr. Davis spoke, it was a case of a new man in presidential politics with whose mind the public wished very much to become acquainted. Everybody hung on his words, some to scoff and some to pray, but all interested. That was natural, but as literary exercises these speeches of acceptance are not so very important. What really matters is the man behind the gun. Can he shoot it off? That is a question very pertinent to Mr. Coolidge as a candidate. He is the man behind the Republican gun. Well now, can he shoot it off?

So far his success in doing so has not been marked. He has aimed at a number of things, but when he pulled the lanyard there wasn't any response. The blithering gun wouldn't go off. So it was with the bonus. So it was with

the tax plan. So it was with those modifications of the Japanese exclusion law, which Mr. Coolidge so earnestly and properly desired to put over. When he aimed at them the gun would not shoot.

IT does not seem to mind him. He has had some good ideas, but he has not been able to put them over. Some excellent things have been accomplished in his administration, but was it he that accomplished them? There is the Dawes Plan, which seems to be going through all right, and though it is not conclusively the millennial achievement that the optimists make out, it is a splendid thing to have accomplished at this time. But was it Mr. Coolidge's idea? Give him credit for not getting in the way of it. When it was proposed he did not refuse to co-operate. No doubt at all he wanted it done! Being a politician of some skill, he doubtless realized that his administration could not afford to face November without trying hard to improve the state of things in Europe. So when the Reparations Commission asked for Dawes and Young, President Coolidge let Mr. Hughes let them go, although disclaiming all responsibility for the results of their going. They went; they saw, and with the help of other expert gentlemen in Europe, they fixed up the Dawes Plan. When it came to putting it through, Mr. Hughes, after having established a careful alibi, went over and helped with it, helped indeed very ably and persuasively. Mr. Kellogg also helped. Mr. Logan helped. So did Mr. Lamont and Mr. Morgan. The administration did not interfere. It called for a basin and washed its hands and disclaimed all official responsibility. So when Mr. Coolidge says that the acceptance of the Dawes Plan "demonstrates as nothing else could the wisdom

of the American position and the effectiveness of the American method of co-operation," it makes one smile. What the Dawes Plan means is, when the American Government is stalled at a time of crisis, private American enterprise will do what it can. Give all the credit possible to private American enterprise and zeal in putting through the Dawes Plan, but as for giving votes to Mr. Coolidge because of it, that is another matter.

WE must discriminate in considering things that happen between those that are entitled to make votes for candidates and those that are not. Mr. Coolidge, ever since he became a conspicuous public character, has been very gently handled. He is an appealing person in that his character is so reputable, and his experience of life so very simple in the midst of a highly sophisticated community. When he came of a sudden to be President of the United States there was general thankfulness that he was a reputable man. Terrific scandals were raising their heads in his party, public confidence in it had gone to the bow-wows, when suddenly Mr. Harding died and Mr. Coolidge came along with a clean slate; no scandals on it; probity, simplicity, economy visualized before the people. That timely apparition the Republican managers never dared to disturb. They accepted what the gods had sent them. It was all they could possibly do. All the good in Mr. Coolidge as President has been welcomed by everybody—and there is good in him—but his limitations have never really been explored. To go on with a President for a year and a half because he happens to be the President is one thing, and deliberately to reelect him because he is the only available candidate of his party is quite another. It is necessary to explore Mr. Coolidge and put him on the map with his limitations defined, and undoubtedly that will be done during the next two months. There is nothing in him to make scandals of. He is a reputable man and likely to continue so to the end of his days. But whoever hangs up his hat in the White House next Fourth-of-March will have need to be very much more than that. The world is not out of the woods yet. The Dawes Plan, welcome as it is, is still a gamble. There will be tight pinches in the next four years, and the man in the White House should be really a leader.

E. S. Martin.





A MODEST REQUEST



"Here Comes a Car N



a Car Now, Daddy."



## The Quick and the Dead

HEARTY laughers make a big mistake in staying out of town during the early weeks of the dramatic season, for late August and early September is when the funny ones are pulled. Queer-looking dramas are produced from under napkins, subjected to the sunlight for a half or three-quarters of an hour, and then quickly buried in the backyard to the strains of a requiem arranged for Hickman whistles and duck-calls. Every one has a good laugh and another playwright goes back to the ranks of the certified public accountants. It is all very cruel and very entertaining.



TWO such early entries in the present season were dragged out of the ring by the horses before the late afternoon papers had time to run reviews of them. One was called "Easy Street," and dealt with those little misunderstandings which are so likely to arise between young married couples when each party is stupid to the point of inflammation. There were the baby-shoes (kept by this family in the sideboard, where they could be snatched out at a second's notice when things began to drag), the suitcase containing the tiny "you-don't-mean" garments already in preparation for the second unfortunate kiddie, and the Mysterious Stranger who sold books, by implication on a divine commission basis, and who dispensed the following remarkable *non sequitur* by way of homely advice: "Start the day right. A good to-day brings a good to-morrow." Evidently the trouble with "Easy Street" lay in its inception, for to-morrow, good or bad, never came.



IT was rumored that "Dr. David's Dad," fresh from a tremendous success in Europe, was "a German 'Abie's Irish Rose'." Blushing furiously, we sat through the first act, and, sure enough, detected the familiar twelve-pound look to the comedy scenes which rolled ponderously on and off the stage much as they have been doing for over two years, God help us, at our own Republic Theatre. But we took a tip from Old Mother Experience and resolved not to help along "Dr. David's Dad" as we did "Abie's Irish Rose" by our ill-fated opposition, and like magic, thanks to our restraint, the play was withdrawn at the end of its first week.

THE two musical plays which opened up their end of the season turned out to be highly satisfactory. We will

call them "Marjorie" and "No Other Girl," for oddly enough those were the titles hit upon by the respective authors.

"Marjorie," with a better production, would be a Grade-A musical show. Even as it stands, with Elizabeth Hines, Andrew Tombes and Richard Skeet Gallagher to help it along, it is certainly a B-plus one. The lines are smart in that semi-insane mood which most librettists strive so hard to work themselves into without success, and Messrs. Tombes and Gallagher get out every ounce of meat that is there. We have on several occasions expressed the intense satisfaction we derive from watching Miss Hines. You will just think us a susceptible old fool if we keep on saying it.

"No Other Girl" is not so funny, chiefly because Eddie Buzzell's comedy is more of the heart-throb school, but it is none the less effective and pleasing. Miss Helen Ford is another young lady in favor of whose talents and charms we are already on record in the Congressional Library at Washington and we have no wish to retract anything that we have ever said after seeing "No Other Girl." Miss Ford seems always to have a rôle in which she is called upon to sink sobbing to the floor on an empty stage at the end of the second act, while the orchestra plays a reprise of the waltz song-hit. She does it very well, however, and we always cry.



ATTENDANCE at the second coming of "The Miracle" has increased our respect for Messrs. Max Reinhardt and Morris Gest to the point of reverence. To do *anything* as well as it could possibly be done is creditable enough, but to do the biggest job of its kind in the world as well as it could possibly be done is a feat the very contemplation of which brings tears to these inefficient old eyes. In fact, the net effect of "The Miracle" on us has been to make us resolve to be a better boy, and to have our copy in on time each week, and to see if it is too late in life to do anything about our spelling.

WE can't quite decide about the man who sat behind us at "The Miracle" and who, while the choir was filling the dim vastnesses of the cathedral with the ecstatic strains of "*Venite adoremus*," hummed a loud and indifferent tenor. He is either a spiritual yokel or else a sturdy and magnificent soul. Life is so complex that we don't feel competent to judge. Whichever he is, he certainly hasn't got the hang of the tenor to "*Venite adoremus*." Robert Benchley.



# CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

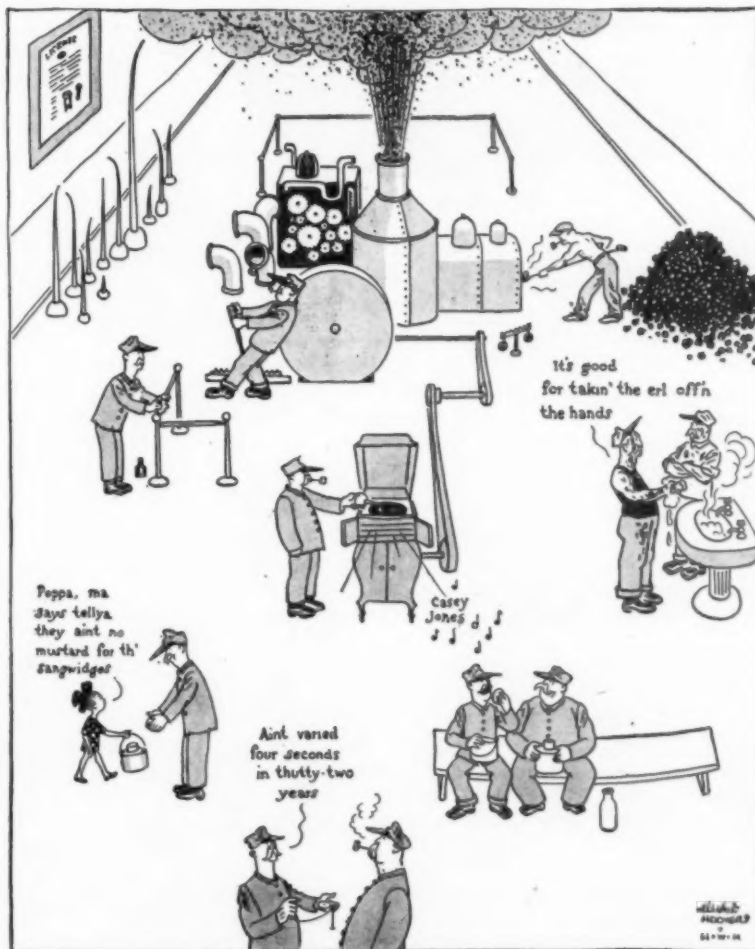
### More or Less Serious

**White Cargo.** *Daly's*—Still running as a warning to white men to stay out of the hot spots.

**The Tantrum.** *Cort*—To be reviewed later.  
**The Werewolf.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Grand Street Follies.** *Neighborhood*—Containing some of the best stuff in town.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—Will Rogers.



## INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF FAMOUS CLUBS

## THE ENGINEERS



THE FIRST TOOTH

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

September  
1st

A pleasure to write this date, for now the summer season, so distasteful to me, is calendrically over, and the time of the year approaches which inspires me most. How any poet could hail as melancholy days the period when concerts and theatres begin and dinner lists are made out for the winter is beyond me, but I daresay he lived far from the gladdening crowd, illustrating Thomas Hardy's conviction that the fate of man is influenced by his geographical environment.... Gladys Hart, who writes for the public prints, to luncheon with us, voicing her great disappointment that she cannot be off to Europe. I think I shall make eyes at some old millionaire, she quoth, and get him to take me over. Where to Sam rejoined: Then make it a millionaire publisher, who may likely send you over to write for him. I had liefer you went as a correspondent than a co-respondent.

September  
2nd

Casting up my accounts, I do find my indebtedness to be greater than at any time for the past two years, and at my wits' end to know how to discharge it without confiding in my husband, forasmuch as the poor wretch has been sorely tried in this connection. And did I not fear his

(Continued on page 27)

## Old Jimmy Pipe

(If We're to Believe the Ads.)

WHEN the rent's sky-high and money's low,  
And "no work" spells disaster;  
When Sis is sick and a-sinkin' slow,  
And Ma's a-sinkin' faster;  
Does Dad, with a "HELL!" (in bold-face type),  
Belabor his weary brain?  
No, Dad just puffs on old jimmy pipe—  
And all is jake again!

"Be wise," Dad's often said, "my lad,  
Don't mind Old Mister Trouble;  
What if he *does* look mighty bad?  
He'll vanish like a bubble!  
What if another war should wipe  
Us out? Or a hurricane?  
One little drag on old jimmy pipe,  
And all would be jake again!"

So dear old Dad, the livelong day,  
Just wobbles about in laughter;  
Nor cares a whoop what the doctors say—  
Though he knows it's him they're after;  
They tell him his brains are overripe,  
But what if he *is* insane?  
One last long whirl at old jimmy pipe—  
And all will be jake again! *Gardner Rea.*

## The Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR SON:

I should be sorry if you and your wife were to separate. It is easier for me to maintain you both in one establishment, with a single overhead. I recall that in the case of your sister Jane and her Duke, my auditor showed that after they parted the charge on me was a little more than three times what it had been while they were putting up with each other.

Two cannot live as cheaply as one, but divided they can live as expensively as four. If you and your wife can wait until late fall I think I can stand your separation in the style to which you have been accustomed.

Faithfully,  
FATHER.

WHEN a man becomes engaged to a girl he wonders what he has ever done to be so favored—and the girl?—she wonders the same thing.



KU KLUXKS



Skippy: MAWRICE!



Skippy: AH! I BEEN IN BETTER CLUBS  
THAN THIS!

Trying to Perform a Deed a Day  
*Skippy Christens an Elephant*

## LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$271,448.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 45,925 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$14,928.60
Myra E. Wallen, Rochester, N. Y.	10.00
Martin Screen & Metal Weather-Strip Co., Lancaster, Pa.....	1.00
G. B., Jr., Philadelphia.....	50.00
E. C. Damon, Worcester, Mass.....	10.00
"In Memory of a Friend," East Orange, N. J.....	15.00
Amy N. Ward, Flushing, N. Y.....	10.00
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Mrs. M. R. Howe, Islip, N. Y.....	10.00
"From Gordon, Alice, Constance, Francis and Graham," Berkeley, Calif.....	10.00
"In Memory of Harold Ludington Hemingway," New Haven, Conn.....	10.00
"Three little Grandchildren," Quebec, Can.....	5.00
Donna Bradstreet, Rochester, N. Y.	11.00
Frederic R. Kellogg, New York.....	100.00
E. S. McC., Braddock Heights, Md.....	5.00
Pine Lane Players, Great Barrington, Mass.....	15.00
F. H. Martin, Portland, Ore.....	10.00
Flora Kip, Orange, N. J.....	7.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Jeffares, Sea Gate, N. Y.....	15.00
Anonymous, Sacramento, Calif.....	10.00
Mrs. W. S. Oberrender, Philadelphia.....	2.00
R. W. Terry, Amagansett, N. Y.....	10.00
"In memory of S. W.," Buffalo, N. Y.....	5.00
"In memory of I. A. P., July 22d," Gilmanton, N. H.....	10.00
Jessica Bayles, Huntington, N. Y.	2.00
H. S. Eaton, Westfield, Mass.....	10.00
Robert W. Parsons, Kennebunk, Me.....	10.00
N. L. Wyeth, Chadds Ford, Pa.....	10.00
Mrs. H. L. Pratt, Newton Center, Mass.....	3.00
H. D. Ingersoll, Denver, Colo.....	5.00
Mrs. E. S. Ferdon, Omak, Wash.	11.00
Ernest P. Armstrong, Walker, Ariz.....	5.00
Jedediah Tingle, New York.....	25.00
C. Hudson, New Brunswick, N. J.	6.00
D. Schnakenberg, New York.....	50.00
In loving memory of "The Bantam," Maplewood, N. J.....	25.00
Lydia F. Emmet, Stockbridge, Mass.....	5.00
D. M. Botsford, Portland, Ore.....	5.50
Elise J. Seay, Montgomery, Ala.....	5.00
Mrs. Raymond T. Baker, New York.....	25.00
Helen R. Smith, Sewickley, Pa.....	10.00
Julius Reich, New York.....	1.00
Elizabeth Cook, Wheeling, W. Va.	2.00
Ruth W. Burnham, Riverside, Calif.....	5.00
Geo. O. Knapp, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	10.00
M. M. M., New York.....	100.00
Lewis O. Ginn, Alleghany, Va.....	11.00
"Anonymous," Lexington, Va.....	5.00
M. A. H., Scranton, Pa.....	22.00
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Anonymous, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
M. C. W., Thomasville, Ga.....	5.00
A friend, Alpena, Mich.....	10.00
Selma R. Wood, Wawa, Pa.....	5.00
N. O'Grady, Scarsdale, N. Y.....	5.00
Ruth Richardson Higgins, West Sullivan, Me.....	2.00
J. P. B., Brookline, Mass.....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bratt, Great Hills, N. Y.....	10.00
Mrs. F. P. Humphreys, Morris-town, N. J.....	25.00
Kate Alden, Fort Sill, Okla.....	10.00
J. S. H., Philadelphia.....	10.00
Mrs. E. W. Newhall, San Francisco.....	1.00

(Continued on page 30)



"S'MATTER WID DE KID?"

"OH, HE JUST EAT SOME APPLES 'N' THEY DON'T FIT."

## Please Stand By!

MANY persons who have been away from home all summer without their radio sets have had little pleasure in their vacations. They have listened to birds singing and waterfalls falling, or to the dull boom of the breakers, and have been so homesick for Station WOW they could hardly stand it.

It has been their own fault. They might have read all the articles about how you can take a radio set with you anywhere and receive noises through it just as badly as in your own home. By next summer, every radio fan will be all too well aware of that. He will go into the great out-of-doors well versed in Radio Kamp Kraft. And Nature will be virtually inaudible.

To give Nature what some of us naturalists call a fighting chance, we are arranging that all through this fall and winter radio stations shall broadcast the following imitations:

Limited babblings of brooks.

Breaking waves dashing high on a stern, though not necessarily rockbound, coast.

Murmurings of pines—and perhaps of hemlocks also.

Cries of the more raucous wild fowl. Various members of the animal kingdom calling mates or acquaintances.

By this strategy, we figure that next summer radio vacationists will stay the guilty hand on tuning knob and give ear for a while to the then familiar sounds of the wilds, thus rendering an unconscious tribute to Nature and at the same time conserving their storage batteries.

Fairfax Downey.

## Problem in Modernism

(Reduce to Lowest Terms)

REALTOR.  
Synthetic.  
Mortician.  
Exotic.  
Flapper.  
Psychiatrist  
Congress.

"WHEN the oceans were formed why did the Pacific get bigger than the Atlantic?"

"It was allowed more latitude, I suppose."



## Passengers

*Why the Atlantic Ocean Heaves and Tosses All Night Long*

THE wife who has been sent abroad on account of her husband's health.

Conservatives who want to reconstruct Europe.

Radicals who want to reconstruct America.

People who are thirsty for whisky and cognac.

People who are hungry for pie and ice cream.

People who want to go to Europe to paint and sing and write.

People who can paint and sing and write, and who want to come to America to make money.

The wife who has gone abroad for a divorce.

The wife who has gone abroad instead of a divorce.

Twenty-seven economic experts, all with different opinions.



"DON'T GET EXCITED, MISTER, I'LL RUN ONTO IT AND STOP IT FOR YOU."

Nineteen writers of literary letters for the reviews.

Eleven hundred school teachers on a holiday.

Seven hundred guides for the teachers on a holiday.

The insect prodigy who gives a free (silver offering) concert on the ship's second-class piano.

Her prodigious mother.

Her Master.

Six winners of popularity contests.

The mysterious gentleman who is said to be a famous banker or actor or statesman traveling incognito, but who turns out on the last day to be merely Professor of Latin at Zion College.

W. L. Werner.

## The Busy Line

"JOE BURNS' hawgs has th' cholera, I hear, an' his wife's took down with pneumonia. Joe wuz that worried he had th' vet'inery over to look at th' hawgs...."

"Did ja hear Pete Muscle's oldest daughter run off an' got married, an' Pete with fourteen cows milkin' now? Children has no respect fer their parents any more. Wasn't it only last year Fred May's daughter went an' died right durin' th' hayin'?..."

"Th' Widow Klemp wuz to services last Sunday with a new silk dress on that she forgot to take th' tag off of. Twenty-nine eighty-seven it cost. Th' figures wuz that small I had to pick up my hymn book off of th' floor twicet before I could lean over far enough to make 'em out...."

"You goin' to th' pitcher to-night? 'Pearls Before Swine' is th' name of it. Must be one of the 'Practical Farmin'' series...."

"I'd ask you over to hear our new record only we're threshin' this week an' it ain't worth while even playin' th' old one...."

James K. McGuinness.

## Habitat: U. S. A.

TEACHER: What is the best-known native American animal?

JOHNNY: The hot dog.

THE diplomats in Germany suggest huge fish markets to raise money. It looks like one stall after another.



MOBILIZATION DAY

Mr. Weeks: NOW, SHOW YOUR TEETH TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.



*Bobbie (who has his first job at ten dollars a week): I  
WONDER IF SHE'S A GOLD-DIGGER?*

### Summer

SUMMER would be a wonderful season if only we did not have:

Mosquitoes.  
Tepid salads in table d'hôte cellars.  
That greeting, "Hot enough for you?"  
Those who tell where they are going on their vacations.  
Those who tell where they have been on their vacations.  
Cold shower maniacs.  
Friends of prominent brewers, who brag about it.  
Baseball fanatics.  
Authorities on beaches.  
Those who have "the coolest apartment in town."  
Those who think straight gin is a summer drink.  
Prohibition advocates.  
Those who believe any place is "ten degrees cooler than the street."  
Prickly heat.  
Commuters.

*But—*

Summer would be a much more wonderful season if we had only:

Winter.  
Spring.  
Fall.

*Weed Dickinson.*

THERE will never be a successful jazz opera because it would be impossible to hold conversations while it was being played.

### If Theatre Managers Used Big League Recruiting Methods

MR. LEE SHUBERT has traded James Berry, English comedian, for Lola Dudd, soprano, now with Dillingham. It is said this is a straight trade, no cash figuring in it. Mr. Shubert will use Miss Dudd at once in "The Purple Iris" in place of Marie Carr, who was batted out of the box-office receipts by the critics in Atlantic City. Mr. Berry, who is a southpaw, will play the light-headed Frenchman in Mr. Dillingham's play, "The Italian Circle."

Flo Ziegfeld announces the purchase of Miss Averil Lark from the The Three Eye Burlesque Show. Scouts from several managers have been watching Miss Lark's legs, but the scout representing Mr. Ziegfeld got her by slipping under Miss Lark's door a list of the millionaires Follies girls have married. She will be used at first for warming-up purposes.

Melisande Dill, whose curves for years have staggered audiences, has at last been released to the Uncle Tom League, where she will play Little Eva.

The Music Box Revue announces the unconditional release of James Peters, who came up from Miner's last year. Mr. Peters may be remembered as the man who struck out with the house full last season.

Miss Pauline Manders, who knocked the best of them out of the boxes regularly last season, is reputed to be a hold-out this year. Miss Manders swears that if she doesn't get her price, she will give up acting and go into the movies.

*Bertram Bloch.*

### Pantaloon

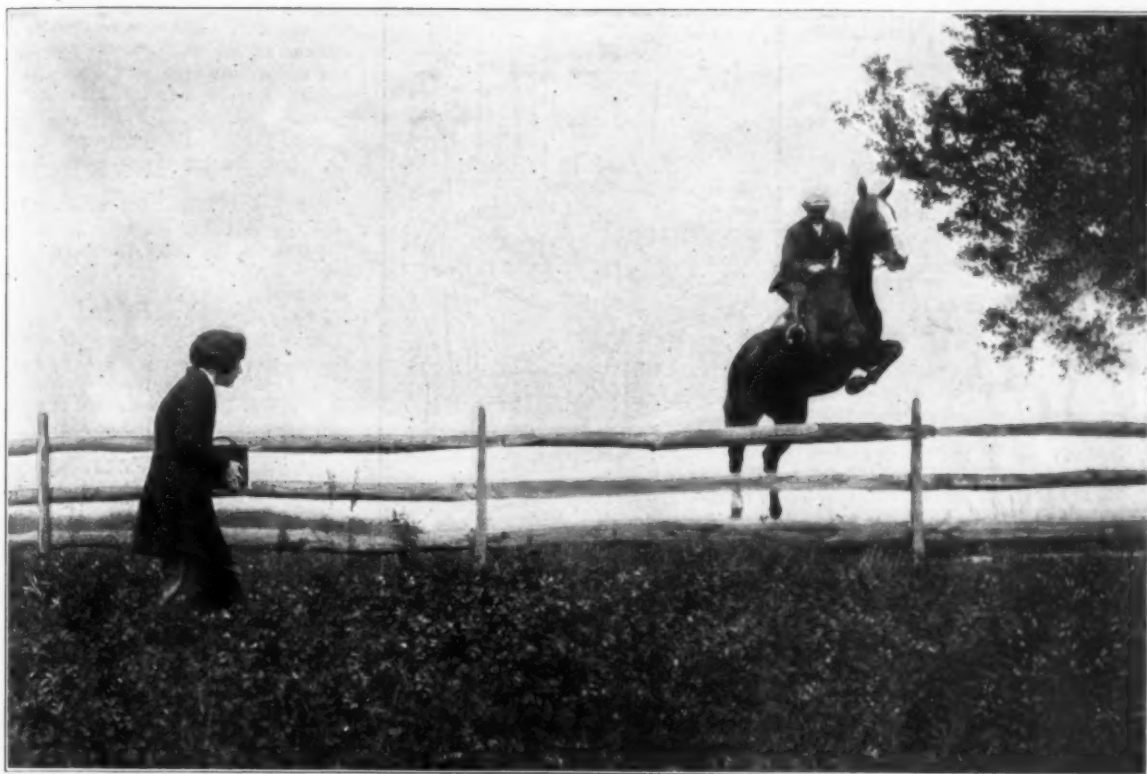
FIRST CLUB MEMBER: There's Rickey. You wouldn't recognize the old bore, would you? They tell me he's been rejuvenated.

SECOND CLUB MEMBER: Ye gods, if he'd only had it done to his jokes instead!

A PENNSYLVANIA convict who sang popular songs in his cell was released. To make room, it is suspected, for the fellow who wrote the songs.



"SAY, NEIGHBOR, I LIVE NEXT DOOR—DO YOU MIND IF I HANG A PICTURE ON THE OTHER END OF THAT NAIL?"



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films, Charlie Chaplin comedies, animated cartoons and travel scenes, and show them in your own home.

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## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### We Think

If you were I and I were you  
What most amazing things we'd do!  
If I had half your pulsing power  
I'd tame the wise-heads in an hour!  
If you had half the charm of me  
We'd paralyze eternity!  
But what is there that we can do,  
I being I and you being you?

—L. Lucas, in *The Bulletin* (Sydney).

### Careers

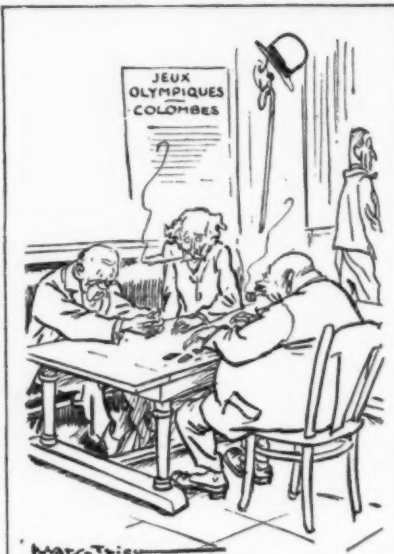
"Does marriage interfere with a woman's career in art?"

"Apparently not, if she marries often enough."—*Washington Star*.

DRIVER OF HEARSE (ex-London cabman): 'Urry up, will ye, and let me pass. My fare's got to catch a train.

—*Passing Show* (London).

RADIATORY—the wide, open speeches where men are voices.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.



### HARDENED ATHLETES

"WHAT A SHAME THAT DOMINOES WERE NOT ADMITTED—WE COULD HAVE COMPETED IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES!"

—*Le Journal Amusant* (Paris).

### The Well-Dressed Man

The young woman had just returned to her rural home from several years in the big city. She was exhibiting the contents of her trunk, to the admiration and amazement of her mother, who had bought her clothes for forty years at the general store.

"And these," said the daughter, holding up a delicate silken garment, "are teddies."

"Teddy's? You don't say! Young men are certainly different from what they used to be."—*Akron Times*.

### Not Even Bobbed

MRS. PEABODY (at bottom of stairs): George, are you ever going to be ready? You have been up there dressing for an hour and a half—one would think that you had long hair.—*Detroit News*.

IN 1919 there were over a million marriages in the U. S. A. Some of the couples are still married, too.

—*London Opinion*.

WARFARE in the making: "The young people will make their home with the groom's parents."—*Baltimore Sun*.

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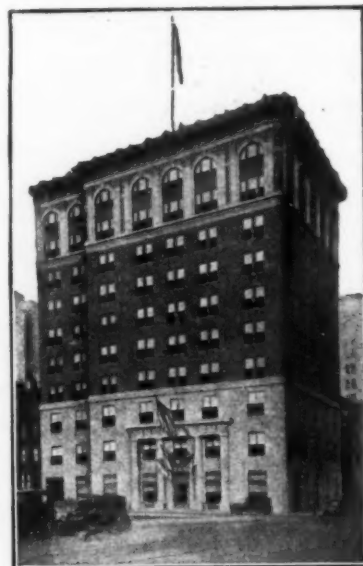
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Hotels and Clubs



## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 20)

discovery of the venture, I should go to one of the great shops where I am well known as a customer, and ask to be taken on as a salesperson until I should have gained enough to pay what I owe. My depression in the matter so great, that I did try to cajole Samuel, who is taking a brief respite from his clients, to stop at home and converse with me, but he feigned business abroad and left me to my unhappy thoughts. Lord! in the olden days when a man quit his fireside to go about his own business, his women folk had at least the satisfaction of handing him a sword and shield and knowing that he would soon be engaged in stirring combat in their behalf, but it is a little irritating when I, desirous of Sam's company, have cause to suspect, upon his defection, that he is going no farther than the Union Club, and for no more serious purpose than to chat with some zany like Si Bennett or Will Claffin.

**September 3rd** A man in early to repair our gramophone, and after working only twenty minutes, he did demand six dollars and fifty cents for his services, which I paid him grudgingly, speculating the while if voting for La Follette would do aught to mitigate such outrages. But as I have set down before, I have never found that it made any personal difference to me which party was in power, the Republicans never having made gloves or stockings any cheaper or better than the Democrats....My friend Marge Boothby to see me, and we fell a-planning of our winter wardrobes, waxing so excited in our discourse that we set out straightway for the shops, stopping first at an inn to make a fine lunch off chicken okra, guinea hen and a salad. I was at some pains to eat my soup gracefully, too, the brim of my new black hat slanting so suddenly that the spoon came into contact with the brim whenever I raised my elbow. Our venture a disappointment in one way, for I did not see a single model for which in my present precarious circumstances I should be willing to lay out a dollar.

Baird Leonard.

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BECAUSE they do not spend their youth watching parades, and aeroplanes writing smoky advertisements in the sky, and championship baseball contests.

Because they do not spend their maturity watching the streets being torn up, and the subways laid, and the elevated cars painted, and the derricks, steam shovels and riveters at work.

Because they do not spend their declining years reminiscing about how wonderful it is that downtown was once uptown, and soon uptown will be downtown, and how residential and theatrical sections have shifted, and how goats used to roam where bootleggers now have spacious mansions.

W. L. W.



Postman: I WISH THERE WAS A LAW AGAINST SENDING SPONGES BY PARCEL POST!

## He takes his pipe 1800 miles into China

No, it isn't because his wife objects to his smoking in the house. We don't know that he has a wife, for that matter.

Mr. Mellor takes his pipe far into the interior of the Land of Confucius because he is attached to the good U. S. S. Palos, which, among other waters, sails the upper Yangtse Kiang.

This is what Mr. Mellor writes:

U. S. S. Palos  
Chung King, China  
January 24, 1924

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.  
G. S. Schloss,  
Dear Sir:

I have just been reading a letter that was sent to our canteen yeoman and thought that this would be a good time to tell you of our appreciation of the fine tobacco that your firm shipped us. I feel that I can say the same for the crew of this ship.

Yes, this sure is an out-of-the-way place and we sure enjoy a good smoke. We feel that we can at least rely on your tobacco always being fresh, especially that in the glass jars.

This ship is now eighteen hundred miles in the interior of China, on the upper Yangtse Kiang. One of the greatest pleasures we have is riding ponies out in the hills surrounding Chung King; and there is hardly a man but what carries one of your small tins of tobacco with him on these trips. Every man on the ship smokes Edgeworth and quite a few chew it, too.

Speaking for all hands and the ship's cook, I can say that we will uphold your fine tobacco on this part of the river, as every man is for Edgeworth first, last and always. Best regards to Edgeworth from the crew of the U. S. S. Palos on the Yangtse River.

"Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Robert N. Mellor.



If you would try before you buy, let us send you free samples of Edgeworth and give you a chance to learn at first hand why so many smokers like it.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers.

Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### 'Tis All for Good Luck

("Colin O'More, Irish tenor, in private life is James H. Hornberger."—*News item*.)

Names wid the smell o' the praties an' wheat to thim,  
Names wid the odor o' dillisk an' peat to thim,  
Names wid a lump o' the turf hangin' sweet to thim—

Brannigan, Flannigan, Milligan, Gilligan,  
Duffy, McGuffy, Mullarky, Mahone;  
Hornberger, Kornberger, Horowitz,  
Gorowitz,  
Hoffman and Koffman and Cohen and Kohn.

—George B. Ryan, in *Boston Herald*.

### In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### Le roi s'amuse

A friend brought in this story about Douglas Fairbanks. He once asked Fairbanks what he would like to do if he were free to do precisely as he liked. Fairbanks was frank.

"I'd like to have forty new suits of clothes," said he. "Then I'd like to go to Monte Carlo. I'd come out on the balcony wearing a new suit and every one would say:

"There's Doug Fairbanks. The best movie actor in the world."

"Then I'd go to my room and change clothes and come out again."

—Corey, in *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### Bitter Disappointment

A manufacturer had for some time boarded a poor student free of charge, and the latter had become very friendly with little Karl, the ten-year-old son of the family. One day he informed Karl of his parents' wish that he should tutor him in foreign languages.

"Ach Gott," replied the youngster reproachfully; "and I thought we were going to be friends!"

—*Fliegende Blätter* (Munich).

### Courtesy in Court

"You are acquitted," the Judge finally announced.

The prisoner thought he should say something, so he spoke to the jury:

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry to have given you all this trouble."

—*Columbus Dispatch*.

SHOPKEEPER (to new boy): Don't hang about wasting time now you've finished sweeping the shop. You can be catching flies an' shoving them into our new patent fly-trap, so that it will be ready to put in the window.—*Punch*.



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"THIS YOUR BIRTHDAY OR SOMETHING?"

"NO—BUT WE HAD A ROW THIS MORNING."

—*Le Ruy Blas* (Paris).

HE: Congratulate me on my good luck. My rich uncle has promised to meet all my obligations.

SHE: Indeed! And will he marry all the girls you've become engaged to?  
—*Boston Transcript*.

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*Friend: WHAT HAVE YOU TAKEN OUT OF YOUR GARDEN THIS SUMMER, JONES?*

*Jones (sadly): THREE BOYS, A STRAY COW AND MISCELLANEOUS CHICKENS.*



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(Continued from page 22)

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THE biggest disappointment of traveling is the stiff, uninviting formality of a large hotel instead of the comfortable "hominess" everyone enjoys so well.

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Mr. Arthur L. Lee personally will be glad to greet any of his guests, and with the unequalled McAlpin equipment and cuisine at your disposal, your visit will be a most happy experience.

As an indication of our good will, we will gladly send you, when making your reservation, a handy, up-to-date colored service map showing all subway, "L" and surface stations in the City. Ask for map L.

Arthur L. Lee, Managing Director

*The Center of Convenience*  
Broadway at 34<sup>th</sup> Street  
**Hotel McAlpin**

## Saying It with Flowers

FOR the first few months after they are married he sends her flowers "just as he did before."

Then he discovers potted plants and buys her those because "they last longer."

Later they buy a home and she raises her own flowers, and conversations like this are common:

SHE: Can I send for fifty Dutch tulip bulbs?

HE: Wouldn't twenty-five be plenty? Seems to me we have enough flowers already. D. H.

CHAPLIN's new picture, we hear, was filmed 'way up near the Arctic regions. Possibly so that he could throw a genuine Eskimo pie.

## People Who Should Not Be Allowed on Trains

FOND fathers who carry pictures of their offspring sitting in their bathtubs.

People who borrow your magazine to hold over Toto's basket every time the conductor comes along.

Charming young men who insist on talking to you.

Charming young women who insist on not talking to you.

Nice old ladies who ask you three minutes after the train has started whether they are on the right train, and then every twenty minutes thereafter whether you are positive this is the right train, why you are positive, whether you haven't ever made a mistake in a similar situation, and what you think Joe will think if they should arrive as expected.

Children who get all smeared up with chocolate and then identify you as dad-da.

Three-hundred-pound male bipeds with handkerchiefs in their collar bands who go for water between every station, always arriving at your chair just as the train lurches round the sharpest bend in the vicinity.

Young married couples who rest their heads on each other's shoulders when the nearest shoulder you dare rest your head on is two hundred and eighty miles away. B. B.

THE man who visits a blind pig usually ends up by seeing things.

# \$25

## for a NAME

ONE of our clients manufactures full fashioned hosiery for women. We want a name for this fine hosiery, and will pay \$25 for the winning name.

The name must convey but one idea, i.e., that this hosiery wears well. For example, "Everwear," "Resisto," "Iron-clad" are hosiery names which convey the impression that the hosiery will stand hard wear. This is what we want our name to do, but we would like it to be more delicate and refined because this is fine feminine hosiery. Also the short names will be given preference.

## Contest Closes Sept. 18, 1924

Each contestant may send in as many names as he wishes. Write them plainly. In case two or more contestants send in the winning name, each will receive \$25.

Street & Finney, Inc., Advertising Agents  
40 West 40th St., New York

WYNKOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK

*A signal of trouble -  
tender and bleeding gums*



**Forhan's**  
**FOR THE GUMS**

AS the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhea. Four out of five people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation does prevent it if used in time and used consistently. So Forhan's protects the tooth at the tooth-base which is unprotected by enamel.

On top of this Forhan's preserves gums in their pink, normal, vital condition. Use it daily and their firm tissue-structure will vigorously support the teeth. They will not loosen. Neither will the mouth prematurely flatten through receding gums. Further, your gums will neither tender-up nor bleed.

Gums and teeth alike will be sounder, and your teeth will be scientifically polished, too.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of  
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.  
**FORHAN CO**  
New York  
Forhan's, Ltd.  
Montreal

## Books Received

- The Golden Bed*, by Wallace Irwin (Putnam).  
*The Fourteenth Key*, by Carolyn Wells (Putnam).  
*Peter Was Married*, by Granville Street (Putnam).  
*Redemption*, by Beckles Willson (Putnam).  
*The Belchelen Mine*, by B. M. Bower (Little, Brown).  
*The Twisted Foot*, by William Patterson White (Little, Brown).  
*A Passage to India*, by E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace).  
*You Gentiles*, by Maurice Samuel (Harcourt, Brace).  
*The Heaven-Kissed Hill*, by J. S. Fletcher (Doran).  
*Officer!* by Hulbert Footner (Doran).  
*After the Verdict*, by Robert Hichens (Doran).  
*Plumes*, by Laurence Stallings (Harcourt, Brace).  
*The Tattooed Countess*, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf).  
*Ding Dong Bell*, by Walter de la Mare (Knopf).  
*Subsoil*, by George F. Hummel (Boni & Liveright).  
*Group Psychology and the Analysis of Ego*, by Dr. Sigmund Freud (Joni & Liveright).  
*Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, by Dr. Sigmund Freud (Boni & Liveright).  
*Be Good, Sweet Maid*, by Anthony Wharton (Boni & Liveright).  
*Keeping Up with Science*, by Edwin E. Slosson (Harcourt, Brace).  
*A Bishop Out of Residence*, by Victor L. Whitechurch (Duffield).  
*One-Act Plays*, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page).  
*The Shameless Innocent*, by Maxwell Laurie (Duffield).  
*The Little French Girl*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton Mifflin).



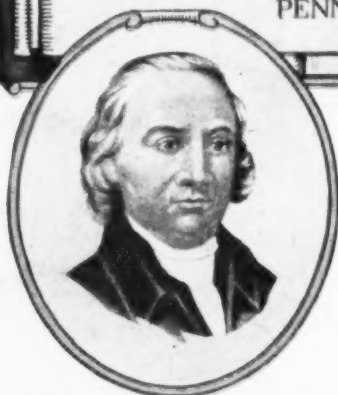
# FISHER BODIES

Bodies which carry the emblem—Body by Fisher—are generally recognized as marking the highest development of artistic, structural and service standards. As a consequence, it is also conceded that a car not equipped with a Fisher Body cannot truly be said to give the utmost in beauty, comfort, long life and value.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT  
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT ST LOUIS







## A Man Who Saw 100 Years

PENNSYLVANIA'S vote swayed in the balance. Franklin and Wilson voted for the Declaration of Independence, but two delegates were absent, and two others voted "Nay". And without Pennsylvania, the new nation would split squarely across the middle. On the shoulders of Pennsylvania's seventh delegate—John Morton—rested a fearful responsibility.

British sympathizers tried to bribe him—Tories argued with him—Quaker friends pleaded with him. But not for nothing had John Morton's sturdy Swedish ancestors followed close on the foot-steps of William Penn.

In 1777, to those who still blamed him for bringing Pennsylvania into war, he sent a dying prophecy. "Tell them", he said, "they will live to see the hour when they will acknowledge the most glorious service I ever rendered my country".

Just one hundred years later, John Morton's city, state, and nation united in the ceremony of placing a memorial tablet in that very hall where he unhesitatingly sacrificed his own happiness.

\*

*Not every man can die knowing he has done his country a glorious service. But insurance enables any man to die knowing he has, at least, done his duty to his family.*

### THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD  
President



HOME OFFICE: NEWARK  
New Jersey

**THE** simplest estate you can leave your family is *Monthly Income Life Insurance*.

The Prudential issues this in various flexible and convenient forms to run as many years as you wish, or for the lifetime of your beneficiary. It is insurance that insures the insurance.

\*

The little Prudential books of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, will be sent with our compliments, on your request.

IF EVERY WIFE KNEW WHAT EVERY WIDOW KNOWS—EVERY HUSBAND WOULD BE INSURED